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MUSIC AT THE WORLD'S FAIR.

The World’s Fair offers at least one exhibit (if such it may be styled) that, in its very nature, permits of no hurried enjoyment, but requires, for its full appreciation, a stay equal in length with the period of the Exposition itself. One may see all the pictures and all the machinery, all the material embodiments of science and the arts, if he choose or be forced to so hasty a procedure, within the space of a week or a month; but he cannot, fortunately, hear all the music without staying all the time. This one of the arts, happier than the others, can make its own conditions, and impose them upon its public; it may be enjoyed only upon its own terms, and demands the attention for which the sister arts can only plead. This point of view must be insisted upon if we are to realize the immense educational significance of the work planned by the Bureau of Music, or even, perhaps, if we are to justify the great expense at which this feature of the Fair has been provided.

Although the plans of the musical department have been advertised far and wide, we doubt if there are many, outside the circle of those who regularly read the special music periodicals, who have an adequate idea of the extent to which music enters into the art-work of the exhibition. The public knows, in a general way, that music may be heard almost any day of the week, or even hour of the day; but it does not know with what taste and comprehensiveness the programmes have been arranged, or what magnificent means are at the command of the musical directors. To the public, the grounds of the “White City” are indeed, like Prospero’s isle.

“Full of noises,

Sounds and sweet airs that give delight and hurt not,” but only a limited portion of the public understands that the arrangements made for the World’s Fair music present opportunities never before paralleled—in this country, at least, if in any—for a liberal musical education. We have had in past years, in some of our larger cities, musical festivals of one or two weeks’ duration; but what are they in comparison with the continuous six months’ festival offered as one feature of the Columbian Exposition?

A rapid survey of the means at the disposal of the Bureau of Music may serve to convey some notion of the magnitude of its work. Festival Hall, first opened on the 22d of May (Wagner’s birthday, celebrated by a magnificent programme of selections from his works), is an admirably planned and acoustically satisfactory auditorium, provided with an

organ, and seating 4500 listeners, with 2000 additional seats in the chorus section. Music Hall (of which the acoustics are imperfect, but not, perhaps, irremediably so) offers a tastefully-decorated interior and 2000 seats. The same building contains a Recital Hall, with a seating capacity of 600. Within these three halls the serious musical work of the Fair will be carried on. The nucleus of the forces behind that work is provided by the Exposition Orchestra of eighty-five men, under the unsurpassed leadership of Mr. Theodore Thomas. This orchestra, originally comprising the best material that Mr. Thomas ever had at his command, has had the advantage of two years of training under his direction, and probably now represents the highest degree of technical excellence yet achieved by any orchestral body in the United States. Upon special occasions, the orchestra will be enlarged until it numbers one hundred and fifty or even two hundred, as was done for the two great Wagner concerts of last month. The choral forces of the World's Fair music have for their nucleus the Apollo Club of Chicago, whose work cannot be too highly praised, and which will be supplemented by the much larger Columbian Chorus, and the chorus of children, all of these being trained by Mr. William L. Tomlins. Visiting orchestras and visiting choruses will supplement the work of the permanent local organizations, and the most distinguished solo artists, instrumental and vocal, will frequently appear during the season. This feature of the work has already been illustrated by the concerts of the Boston and New York symphony orchestras, and of the Kneisel string quartette, as well as by the appearance of such artists as Mmes. Materna and Nordica, and of Mr. Paderewski, whose kindness in offering his services for the two opening concerts cannot be held in too grateful remembrance.

A glance at the projected programmes, even in their present incomplete condition, will serve to indicate something of the musical delights in store for the coming months. Two performances each of "The Messiah" and of the St. Matthew "Passion" are announced. There will be two festival seasons by massed choruses of 1500 from the Western societies. Herr Richter of Vienna will conduct a series of concerts in July, giving the Ninth Symphony and much Wagnerian music. In the early autumn, Dr. A. C. Mackenzie will direct a series of concerts, to be followed by a series under the direction of M. Saint-Saens. These are only a few of the announcements already made. Admission to all these concerts is by fee, which is proper, although it is possible that the price is higher than it should be. There are also, of course, free concerts in great numbers: daily concerts by the Exposition Orchestra, and by numberless military bands. Morning, afternoon, and evening there will be no lack of open-air music, and a survey of the programmes already given show this music to be of

a higher class than is usual under such circumstances. Such appendages to the Exposition proper as the German and Austrian villages have their own bands, discoursing almost continuous music from morning till night. Finally, the amateurs of the *bizarre* will find their account in the musical performances of the Turkish, Chinese, and other Oriental theatres and entertainments.

For the arrangement of this magnificent scheme of concerts, we are, of course, chiefly indebted to the enthusiasm and the fine artistic sense of Mr. Theodore Thomas, who has thereby added a more indefeasible title than any previously won to the love and gratitude of the American people. The disgraceful way in which, acting as the tools of a few unimportant piano manufacturers, certain members of the National Commission and certain of the Chicago newspapers have recently combined to attack Mr. Thomas, and to asperse the sincerity of his motives, provides the history of music at the Exposition with its one discreditable chapter. As the case was neatly put by the Chicago correspondent of an Eastern literary journal, the members of the committee appointed to "investigate" Mr. Thomas "were astute enough to believe the statements of everyone except Mr. Thomas himself, and were entirely sure that questions pertaining to art should be settled on a purely commercial basis." Fortunately, this committee had no jurisdiction in the matter, and there was at no time any real danger of the unspeakable calamity that the loss of Mr. Thomas's services would have been. The unholy bargain proposed by some members of the National Commission, whereby their opposition to Mr. Thomas was to be withdrawn as a return for votes in favor of Sunday closing, illustrates both the dishonesty of his enemies and the extent to which the vicious practice of log-rolling may be carried. These men were willing, as a New York paper puts it, "to swap their religious scruples against Sunday opening in return for the triumph of their artistic principles." The whole shameful episode is now at an end, and most of those concerned in it are engaged in the humiliating process known to the sporting fraternity as "hedging." What the intelligent public thinks of it all was evident enough to those who were present at the inaugural concert given in Festival Hall a few days ago, when Mr. Thomas resumed the baton after an illness of several days (to which we have no doubt the brutal attack made upon him contributed), and was greeted with applause to which we may fairly apply that often-abused word, "ovation." In this applause there was clearly much more than recognition of the work of the orchestra, admirable as that was; one might hear, besides, a very distinct note of personal regard for the great conductor, a note of cordial appreciation both of the manner in which his splendid work has been accomplished and of the dignified attitude that he has maintained throughout the whole disgusting controversy.

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT.

The opening sessions of the World's Congress Auxiliary have removed all doubts of the success of this division of the World's Fair work, and have given the public a convincing illustration of the importance of the great enterprise so energetically directed by Mr. C. C. Bonney, the President of the Auxiliary. For the women of this country, the occasion has been of peculiar moment, and it was fortunate that the opening Congress should have been intrusted to their exclusive management. It would be difficult to surpass the zeal displayed by them in bringing together their Congress of Representative Women, or the great and varied interest of its sessions. At all hours of the day during the week of May 15, the new Art Building was thronged with enthusiastic listeners to and participants in the discussions set down upon the programmes of the various sections, and few indeed were the concerns not touched upon during the meetings. When we consider that, in addition to this exclusively feminine Congress, each of the coming Congresses has its special committee of women, charged with the special interests of their sex, whether in law or literature, science or social reform, we should perhaps be justified in changing the motto of the Auxiliary from "Not things, but men," to "Not things, but women." At the very least it should be supplemented by a subsidiary "*Place aux dames!*" But the tale of feminine zeal is not yet all told, for, in addition to the opportunities offered them by the Auxiliary, the women actively interested in the work have organized an indefinitely extended series of meetings in the Woman's Building on the World's Fair grounds, and there daily discourse, discuss, and confer, and are likely to continue doing so for the next five months.

Professor H. H. Boyesen's paper on "American Literary Criticism and Its Value," in the June "Forum," is an anecdotal and entertaining discussion of an interesting subject. The chief point made by the author is that the work of literary criticism in this country is gradually becoming differentiated and specialized. Such journals as *THE DIAL*, we are told, "will continue to grow in authority and prosperity until they will monopolize the field." They are already "acquiring a temperament as distinct as that of the English 'Spectator,' or the 'Saturday Review';" they "are attaching to themselves a large corps of experts, in the most varied fields, and are gradually attaining the importance, the individuality, and the traditions befitting permanent institutions." In view of this statement, it is a little difficult to see the meaning of Mr. Boyesen's remark that "a book stood a far better chance of being judged on its merits, ten or fifteen years ago, than it does now." He brings nothing to support this contention except the fact that two or three of the monthly magazines give less attention to reviews than they once did. But the process of specialization to which he elsewhere refers is surely accountable for this fact, and as surely makes for the impartial judgment that results from intelligent expert criticism.

Mr. Churton Collins, in a university extension lecture of about a year ago, emphasized the importance of a knowledge of Greek to those ambitious of true literary culture. He said, in substance, that no study of any literature could be satisfactory without some such knowledge. The audience addressed consisted mainly of working people, but an Oxford man chanced to be

among them, and promptly offered instruction in Greek to those who wished to acquire this key to the doors of culture. A dozen of those present accepted the offer, and, we are told by the New York "Nation," in less than a year qualified themselves "up to the standard of *Responsiors or Smalls*!" Other English extension centres have expressed a desire for Greek, and the demand has grown sufficiently to attract the attention of Professor Jebb, who recently made a speech in its behalf. Some of the English newspapers have taken up the movement and given it the high-sounding name of "the renaissance of letters." Without being carried to this extent of enthusiasm, may we not fairly see in the significant facts above reported some sign of the turning of the tide? Are they not straws that indicate a change in the direction of the wind? For many years past the current of popular opinion has set so strongly against the study of the humanities that many of their advocates have felt themselves engaged in defending a cause already lost. Yet it would be folly to suppose that the world will ever deliberately abandon the use of the best instruments of culture yet devised by the experience of the ages. The "too quick desirer" may take renewed heart at even so slight an indication of an inevitable reaction as is offered by the new-found desire of a handful of English workingmen to unsel for their eyes those gates of light that we call the classical languages.

The committee having in charge the Plymouth School of Applied Ethics announce that there will be no session this summer, the counter-attractions of the World's Congress Auxiliary being given as the principal reason for this omission. The school has, however, ambitious plans for the future. A series of winter sessions will probably take place during the coming season. Next year, the summer meetings at Plymouth will be resumed, and it is hoped to bring into relation with them a series of Ministers' Institutes and Teachers' Associations, "with a view of reaching a class of students to whom the school is specially fitted to be of use." It is interesting to learn that a friend of the school has given it a twenty acre tract of land at Plymouth, and that the school is likely to have buildings of its own when its work is resumed. The work already done in connection with the school by Dr. Adler and his associates has been so fruitful that we are glad to learn of the brightened prospects of the organization.

COMMUNICATIONS."WANTED — A NEWSPAPER."(To the Editor of *THE DIAL*.)

The letter of Mr. H. M. Stanley in *THE DIAL* of May 16 will commend itself to many readers, as suggestive of an object so much to be desired that the possibility of its attainment is well worthy of agitation and careful consideration. No intelligent and thoughtful man can fail to perceive the essential need of a thorough reform of the general tone of our newspaper press, not alone as a means of elevating and educating the popular taste, but as an index of national character by which we must be judged as surely as an individual is judged by the general tone of his conversation.

No better criterion of the general culture of any community or section of country can be found than is afforded by its newspapers, and especially by the charac-

ter of the advertisements they contain, which are of course addressed to the great mass of readers by men whose interests force them to study carefully the tastes of their customers. The character of a community is determined by the proportions of its different classes. If I find a paper largely occupied by flaming advertisements of quack medicines, or of doctors who profess peculiar skill, or of articles of any kind to which the attention of customers is drawn by extraordinary means, or by an effort at wit in the wording, the conclusion is forced upon me that there must be a large leaven of ignorance and credulity in the community addressed—for no person of even moderate culture could fail to be repelled and disgusted by it, and the fact that it is continued from day to day at large cost to the advertisers proves beyond question that they find it to their interest.

Turning from the advertisements, if I find whole columns of so-called "Fun and Humor" filled with attempts at wit worthy only of the stable, or elsewhere notices of the movements or acts of the dignitaries of our own or other countries, in which they are spoken of in slang language which would never be used in conversation by any decent man, what other conclusion can be reached than one that is very far from complimentary to the community by whom the paper is sustained?

The great question is, Can we hope to affect a reform? If not,—if such garbage is a necessity without which a paper cannot be supported,—let us no longer boast of the superior intelligence and virtue of our people, and, moreover, let us resign ourselves to the conviction that the minds of our growing youth are to be contaminated by its constant presence. But Mr. Stanley's suggestion that the present is a fitting time to make an effort for the establishment of a paper which shall set the example of a more dignified tone and a rigid exclusion of the vulgarisms with which we are ordinarily insulted in the dailies, is at least worthy of agitation, and it is in that belief that I venture to second his motion, hoping to elicit further communications from more competent writers.

H. W. S. CLEVELAND.

Minneapolis, Minn., May 18, 1893.

MR. STANLEY'S PROPOSED NEWSPAPER.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

It seems to the writer that Mr. Stanley, in his letter in THE DIAL of May 16, goes too far in the assumption that a newspaper such as he outlines is sure to be a losing venture, financially. Is it not true that the only serious obstacle to prevent such a paper from achieving financial success is the general lack of faith in the sincerity of the daily press? When we read in our morning paper an editorial showing ability and real depth of thought, the question at once arises, Is a single sentence of this the genuine conviction of the writer? Am I sure that under changed circumstances he may not, even within a few weeks, express opinions utterly at variance with what I read to-day? Or if not, what assurance have I that the proprietor will not substitute for him someone with a more pliant pen, to follow the whim of the hour?

I have in mind a daily recently founded to represent the "better element" in a certain party. It prints much less news concerning prize-fights, scandals, etc., than any other daily which comes under my view, but its editorials constantly betray the real tastes of the writer. Independence of ordinary party methods is evidently not his forte. He is acting a part for the purpose of

securing support. This is not what we want. Let it be perfectly certain that the management, and the editorial corps, from top to bottom, are thoroughly in earnest in their desire to furnish a paper whose news shall be reliable and whose influence shall be pure and elevating,—a paper which shall be independent because it is right to be independent and not for the sake of winning the financial support of any class whatever,—give us this assurance, and the financial side of the enterprise will take care of itself. There is a widespread demand for such a paper, and it pays to furnish what the people need.

W. H. JOHNSON.

Denison University, May 20, 1893.

"GETTYSBURG THIRTY YEARS AFTER."— A CORRECTION.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

As I have not access to the "Correspondence" column of "The Nation," will THE DIAL print this correction of an error of statement in the issue for May 4 of that paper in a letter entitled "Gettysburg Thirty Years After." The writer, who recently visited that battlefield in company with Gen. Longstreet and other participants in the battle, says: "He [Gen. Longstreet] then told an anecdote which an English officer—Captain Fremantle—who was with him at Gettysburg, has narrated in a book. Fremantle says that he watched Pickett's men until the head of the column reached the Union line and began to clamber over the stone wall. Longstreet had watched it also, but with a more practiced eye. He had seen the effect of the withering fire, and he knew that the leaping of the stone wall was but the last gasp of that stricken band. Fremantle ran up to him and exclaimed, 'General, that is magnificent. I wouldn't have missed it for the world.' 'The hell you wouldn't,' replied Longstreet."

In "Three Months in the Southern States: April-June, 1863," by Lieut.-Col. Fremantle, *Coldstream Guards*, published in New York in 1864, is the original account of this incident. At pages 264-6 Col. Fremantle says: "But finding that, to see the actual fighting, it was absolutely necessary to go into the thick of the thing, I determined to make my way to General Longstreet. It was then about 2:30. After passing General Lee and his staff, I rode on through the woods in the direction in which I had left Longstreet." Then, after speaking of the stream of wounded men he met, he goes on: "When I got close up to General Longstreet, I saw one of his regiments advancing through the woods in good order; so, thinking I was just in time to see the attack, I remarked to the General that 'I wouldn't have missed this for anything.' Longstreet was seated at the top of a snake fence at the edge of the wood, and looking perfectly calm and imperturbed. He replied, laughing, 'The devil you wouldn't! I would like to have missed it very much; we've attacked and been repulsed; look there!' For the first time I then had a view of the open space between the two positions, and saw it covered with Confederates slowly and sulkily returning towards us in small broken parties. . . . The General told me that Pickett's division had succeeded in carrying the enemy's position and capturing his guns, but after remaining there twenty minutes, it had been forced to retire, on the retreat of Heth and Pettigrew on its left."

JOHN J. HALSEY.

Lake Forest University, May 8, 1893.

The New Books.**A RUSSIAN EVANGELIST.***

It is a curious fact that, heretofore, no life of so interesting a character as Mme. de Krudener has appeared in the English language; while, on the other hand, as her latest biographer points out, there exists in the French and the German language "an extensive bibliography dealing with every phase of her career." For biography of some sort or degree—from biography proper down to the daily keyhole espials of journalism—seems to be, with us, the order of the day. The individual's "itch for publicity" is fairly met by the public's yearning to appease it. The past has been ransacked for available names, and the declining years of eminent people are soothed by the reflection that the book-maker, avid of prey and marking afar off the failing straggler, is waiting to pounce upon them the moment the breath is fairly out of their bodies. Yet, as we have said, no considerable presentation of one of the most striking feminine personalities of modern times was offered to the English reading public, until Mr. William Sharp included the earlier of Sainte-Beuve's portraits of Mme. de Krudener in his recently translated "*Essays on Men and Women*." This charming sketch, however, inspired by its heroine's self-portraying romance, "*Valérie*," and penned before the stern facts of her life were brought to light in M. Charles Eynard's biography, deals only with her earlier years, and with the lighter and more graceful sides of her character. In a second essay the great critic regretfully admitted his former illusions; and he half petulantly complained that his modern St. Elizabeth, with her mystic aureole, should have been dragged "from the dim white radiance out of which she smiles on us," into the noon-tide glare of sober historical criticism.

Mr. Clarence Ford has amply—rather too amply, we fancy, for most readers—supplied the hitherto existing lack of an adequate English life of the Emperor Alexander's Egeria—for it is in this role, perhaps, that Mme. de Krudener assumes for us her chief importance. Mr. Ford lays claim to no originality of research, to no successful unearthing of hitherto unsuspected documents. His book professes to be no more than the outcome of a careful sifting of all material accessible to the histor-

ical student in the libraries of London and Paris. While it seems to us that Mr. Ford might well have carried his sifting process somewhat further, he has certainly given us an interesting book, sober in tone, and uninfluenced by either of the opposing temptations, hyper-laudation or cynical misrepresentation, to one or other of which Mme. de Krudener's continental critics have yielded. Between the high-flown panegyrics of M. Eynard and of Sainte-Beuve, and the jocose cynicism of most of the lady's French biographers, Mr. Ford has judiciously steered a middle course, with the probable result of coming nearer the truth as to his heroine's real character. He has availed himself liberally of existing letters of Mme. de Krudener, quoting most of them entire, and observing that they "reveal the real characteristics of the gifted writer far more vividly than any words of her biographer could hope to do."

Probably not a few of our readers will have already asked, "But who was Mme. de Krudener?" and it may be well, before dwelling upon one or two leading phases of her career, to answer the question as briefly and broadly as possible. Barbe-Julie de Krudener (1764–1824) was a Russian woman of rank, who, after making a brilliant figure in continental society and a tolerable figure in continental letters, embraced religion (of a rather vague, emotional, perhaps hysterical type), attained an extraordinary though fleeting spiritual ascendancy over the Czar Alexander I., and, during her later years, led a series of religious revivals in Europe generally similar to those conducted by the "Salvationists" of our own day. Reduced to her simplest terms, Mme. de Krudener was a striking example of the worldling turned saint. The transformation is, in itself, no unusual phenomenon; indeed, we think there is no especially zealous and efficient saint in the calendar who is not recorded as having served a more or less thorough novitiate of worldliness. To properly and effectively preach against and fight against the world, the flesh, and the devil, one must have had a pretty close acquaintance with all three. It is pretty evident that Mme. de Krudener's sudden conversion was not due to any process of deliberate reasoning on her part. Sincere and nobly self-sacrificing as she was in her later years, religion was with her, at first, rather an emotional indulgence, a newly-discovered outlet for her over-wrought enthusiasms, a novel, and therefore piquant, gratification of the undefined longings of her romantic nature. She had been,

* *THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF MADAME DE KRUDENER.*
By Clarence Ford. Illustrated. New York: Macmillan & Co.

for many years, a *mondaine* of *mondaines*. She had eaten, long and greedily, of forbidden fruit, and her palate, once over-keen, had grown blunted to its savor. Then, having lost the sense of taste, she rather ungratefully declared the fruit which she had so long enjoyed to be Dead Sea fruit. We are apt to forget the subjective element in our pleasures, and (as deaf people sometimes complain that they cannot hear "because people mumble so nowadays") to impute shortcomings to all nature, rather than to our failing selves.

There is another element in Mme. de Krudener's spiritual new-birth that must be taken into account. She had been for twenty years an inveterate *poseuse*. Notoriety, vogue, had been to her as the breath of life. At the date of her conversion she had turned forty, her attractions were on the wane, she had shot her bolt in the world of fashion and of letters, and, clearly, something must be done. It was a dreadful thing to Mme. de Krudener to find the world in which she had shone so long and so brilliantly growing as it were away from her; to note its once eager homage to her youth, talents and beauty, merging imperceptibly into those common civilities which are the birthright of her sex. Someone has rather maliciously styled culture "a last resort for unattractive people." So, as it seems to us, religion, or rather the fame and glamour of exalted piety, was with Mme. de Krudener a sort of *pis-aller*, a shift for prolonging that vogue which she felt was rapidly slipping away from her; but it is no less true that what was in its inception partly an indulgence, partly an expedient, became in time a noble reality; and privation, suffering, persecution for righteousness' sake, willingly encountered and cheerfully undergone, testify eloquently to the sincerity of Mme. de Krudener's self-imposed apostolate.

Mme. de Krudener's marriage, in 1783, to a man twenty years her senior and by nature incapable of understanding or of responding to the fanciful, romantic side of her character, goes far to explain, perhaps even to palliate, the faults of her earlier life. At the time of the marriage, Baron Krudener had already won distinction in the diplomatic world. He had been twice married — and had been twice divorced; but these matrimonial experiences of the distinguished suitor do not seem to have been a drawback in the eyes of Julie or of her parents. It was purely a marriage of *convenience*; and it is pretty certain that the Baroness's (or perhaps we should more properly say the Bar-

on's) marital griefs arose from the fact that the wife, having chosen with her head, had hoped at the same time to satisfy the longings of her singularly romantic heart. Julie seems, at first, to have made a persistent and honest attempt to regard her rather impassive and all too serious husband as the lodestar of her life; but the Baron, a phlegmatic man absorbed in his diplomatic duties, did not lend himself readily to the role of a hero of romance.

Among the many verbal portraits that exist of Mme. de Krudener in her youth, the best, perhaps, is that which she draws of herself, in the character of "Valérie," in the romance already mentioned. Our author accepts this tale — which Sainte-Beuve numbers among the books that may be read with pleasure thrice in a lifetime — as a transcript of the Baroness's Venetian experiences. The graceful, tender, capricious, girlish figure which so captivated (and misled) the French critic, is, Mr. Ford thinks, none other than the authoress herself, a little embellished doubtless, a little poetised, and yet instinct with life and reality, and in harmony with all the descriptions given by contemporary writers. In spite of her mobile features, her fine expressive eyes and transparent complexion, Julie de Krudener was never a strictly beautiful woman; but she possessed to a singular degree that indefinable personal charm which is not incompatible with positive homeliness, and which, says our author, seems to be the birthright of so many Russian women of rank. They possess, he adds, — "Something of the exquisite fragrance of a hot-house blossom, reared, as they are, in the midst of almost inconceivable luxury, tempered by all the refinements of French civilization, and artificially sheltered from every contact with the inclement rigors of their northern climate."

Julie de Krudener preserved to the last years of her life that special attractiveness, magnetism if you will, to which, in her youth, she owed her conquests, and, later, in large measure, her converts. An extreme gracefulness of carriage and lightness of movement (she had been a favorite pupil of Vestris), together with the fair curling hair that fell in soft ringlets about her face, lent an air of unusual youthfulness to her appearance; and, at Venice, the wife and mother of twenty-one still looked like a girl of sixteen. But we shall let our heroine speak for herself. We quote from "Valérie":

"I cannot describe Valérie to you better than by reminding you of your cousin, the youthful Ida. They are strangely alike, and yet she possesses something spe-

cial that I have never yet seen in any other woman. It would be easy to possess as much grace, and much more beauty, and yet to be far inferior to her. People do not perhaps admire her, but she possesses something ideal and fascinating which forces one to be struck by her. She is so refined, so slight, she might almost be a fleeting thought. Nevertheless, the first time I saw her I did not think her pretty. She is very pale, and the contrast between her gaiety, I might even say her wild spirits, and her face, which is meant to be serious and sensible, had a curious effect upon me. I have since discovered that the moments in which she appears to be simply a happy child are very rare. Her habitual temperament is, on the contrary, somewhat sad, and she flings herself at times into an exaggerated gaiety, just as highly sensitive people, with very delicate nerves, may behave in a manner quite contrary to their habits."

"*Valérie*" appeared in 1803, and the story of the astute author's manœuvres, preparatory to publication, forms a curious chapter in the history of literary wire-pulling. Mme. de Krudener knew her public intimately; and, although sure of the artistic merit of her book, she was aware that mere excellence would not suffice to carry by storm the *blasé* Parisian world. In her own words, "Nothing can be had in Paris except by charlatanism"; and she heroically determined that the end should not fail through any over-niceness on her own part as to the means. Her chosen agent in the matter was her Parisian physician and confidant, Dr. Gay, a man of some reputation and much ambition, a friend of the Abbé Raynal and of Laharpe. To him we find the Baroness, then in Lyons, inditing the following letters :

" . . . I have another request to make: pray have some verses written by a good poet to our friend Sidonie.* In these verses, which I need not describe to you and which must be in perfect taste, there must be no other *envoi* but 'To Sidonie.' The poet will ask her why she resides in the provinces, why we are deprived of her wit and grace? Her triumphs call her to Paris. Her talents and her charms will there be appreciated at their full value. Her enchanting dance has been described; but who can describe all that distinguishes her? *Mon ami*, I confide in your friendship; I am ashamed on behalf of Sidonie, for I know her modesty, and you know that she is not vain. But I have a reason far more important than mere vanity for begging you to have the verses written, and as soon as possible. . . . Please settle with the newspaper; I hope to explain my reasons later," etc., etc.

In Madame's next letter to her obliging friend one notes some hint of the *quid pro quo* — for it seems the worthy Doctor was not expected to render his services out of mere complaisance :

"I wrote to you, my excellent friend, four days ago, and on the same day I received your letter; mine had

already been sent off, and so I was unable to tell you how anxiously I desire to assist you in the acquirement of that reputation, which your talents and your virtues deserve. Yes, my worthy and excellent friend, I look forward to advancing your cause. I am impatiently awaiting the moment, when, once more in Paris, my time, my thoughts, my zeal can all be consecrated to your advancement. You must introduce me to Laharpe, who is already acquainted with one of your friends. I shall use all my influence with Bernardin de St. Pierre, Chateaubriand, and many more of my friends; and we shall succeed, *for pure intentions always do succeed.*"

Our author cites several of these letters, which are all to the same purpose, and which seem to have done their work most effectually. Later, Mme. de Krudener went herself to Paris; and the following entertaining account is given of the final stratagems to which she resorted in order to ensure the triumph of her book :

" During several days she made the round of the fashionable shops, incognito, asking sometimes for shawls, sometimes for hats, feathers, wreaths, or ribbons, all à la *Valérie*. When they saw this beautiful and elegant stranger step out of her carriage with an air of assurance, and ask for fancy articles which she invented on the spur of the moment, the shopkeepers were seized with a polite desire to satisfy her by any means in their power. Moreover, the lady would soon pretend to recognize the article she had asked for. And if the unfortunate shop-girls, taken aback by such unusual demands, looked puzzled, and denied all knowledge of the article, Mme. de Krudener would smile graciously and pity them for their ignorance of the new novel, thus turning them into eager readers of '*Valérie*' Then, laden with her purchases, she would drive off to another shop, pretending to search for that which only existed in her imagination. Thanks to these manœuvres, she succeeded in exciting such ardent competition in honor of her heroine, that for at least a week the shops sold everything à la *Valérie*. Her own friends, the innocent accomplices of her stratagems, also visited shops on her recommendation, thus carrying the fame of her book through the Faubourg St. Germain and the Chaussée d'Antin."

In short, it must be confessed that the future St. Catherine did not scruple to puff, wriggle, and lie her book into favor; and yet we find her, after all those months of literary "log-rolling" and elaborate quackery, writing complacently to her accomplice :

" The success of '*Valérie*' is complete and unheard of, and some one remarked to me just the other day that there is something supernatural in such a success. Yes, my dear friend, it is the will of heaven that the ideas and the purer morality the book contains should be spread throughout France, where such thoughts are little known!"

Assuredly, Mme. de Krudener was a mistress in the comfortable art of self-deception.

The success of "*Valérie*" was the last worldly triumph that our heroine was to enjoy. Mr. Ford presents an interesting account — freely

* The heroine of the *Cabane des Lataniers*, a portrait, as was well understood in Paris, of Madame de Krudener herself.

interspersed with anecdote and epistolary citation — of her earlier essays as an evangelist, of her association with the Czar Alexander, and of the wanderings and trials of her closing years. The culmination of Mme. de Krudener's career was undoubtedly her participation in the memorable religious solemnity in 1815 on the Plains of Vertus, where Alexander held a solemn Mass of Thanksgiving in the presence of his entire army of 150,000 men. Sainte-Beuve has described the scene, on the authority, he affirms, of an eye-witness ; and he affords us a glimpse of the once o'er-worldly "Valérie" in her new character :

"The honors paid by Louis XIV. to Mme. de Maintenon at the camp of Compiègne did not surpass the veneration with which Mme. de Krudener was treated by the conqueror. It was not as the grand-daughter of Marshal Münnich, it was not even as his favorite subject; it was as an ambassadress from Heaven that he received her, and conducted her into the presence of his armies. Bareheaded—or at most wearing a straw hat, which she flung aside at pleasure,—with her still golden hair falling to her shoulders, and a few curls gathered together and fastened over her forehead; clad in a long dark gown, confined at the waist by a simple girdle, and rendered elegant by her manner of wearing it—thus she appeared at this period, thus she arrived upon the plain at dawn, and thus, erect, at the moment of prayer, she seemed as a new Peter the Hermit, in the presence of the prostrate troops."

There are several illustrations — notably a fine portrait, after Angelica Kauffmann, of "Mme. de Krudener and Child," — and the book is well gotten up throughout. It should, however, have had an index.

E. G. J.

SOME RECENT PAGES OF AMERICAN HISTORY.*

Professor Sloan's work on "The French War and the Revolution" is the second in a series of four volumes entitled "The American History Series," the other volumes being by Dr. Fisher of Yale, President Francis A. Walker, and Professor Burgess of Columbia. "The French War and the Revolution" is a well-written version of an oft-told tale, and is the best summary yet given us. Its closing chapters, entitled "The Peace of Versailles"

* THE FRENCH WAR AND THE REVOLUTION. By William Milligan Sloane. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

THE POLITICAL VALUE OF HISTORY. By W. E. H. Lecky. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

DIVISION AND REUNION, 1829-1889. By Woodrow Wilson. New York: Longmans, Green, & Co.

NULIFICATION, SECESSION, WEBSTER'S ARGUMENT, AND THE KENTUCKY AND VIRGINIA RESOLUTIONS. By Caleb William Loring. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

and "Weakness and Strength," are a great improvement upon the somewhat flippant account of the same period by Professor Fiske. The writer shows very clearly how the French and Indian War led on to the Revolution. His chapters on "A New Issue in Constitutional Government," "The Stamp Act," and "Conflict of Two Theories," covering the years 1760 to 1768, are admirable, and show him at his best, as something more than a mere narrator. His summary, in less than two hundred pages, of the somewhat outworn history of the War for Independence is successfully done, and breathes somewhat of the spirit of the participants. It will prove interesting reading to the youth who come to the subject with appetites not yet jaded by iteration. The statement, on page 109, that with the Bute ministry in 1762 the Jacobite influence came to Court and Parliament after a lapse of "a century and three-quarters," should be read minus the century. We cannot discover why, on page 148, the first Parliament of George the Third is designated "the Twelfth Parliament." It is twelfth only from Queen Anne's third. It would improve the writer's style somewhat in the matter of clearness if he would borrow a point from Professor Freeman, and introduce his subject oftener in place of "he" and "him." Not infrequently it requires a second reading to make sure to whom reference is made. We cannot fathom the following sentences from the preface, in the italicised portion :

"From the beginning of the 'Old French War' to the end of the Revolution, the English commonwealths in America were both learning the necessity of union and growing conscious of a common destiny. It might even be said that while in one of the two conflicts they were hostile to France and in the other allied with her yet nevertheless such a connection is in itself substantive. Both illustrate phases of French history."

Mr. Lecky's lecture before the Birmingham and Midland Institute, delivered last October, is brought into this review because the most interesting pages are found in an illustrative portion drawn from American history. After passing from the older school of historians who "paint a picture" to those of the last hundred years who aim to "solve a problem," and calling attention to the necessity of adapting our historic judgments on men and measures to their environments, the lecturer emphasizes the study of the sequence of history, of institutions, and of revolutions. While on the latter head, he delineates the two schools of history —that of Buckle and the historic fatalists; that of Carlyle and the hero-worshippers. While

finely holding the balance between the two schools, he forcibly presents the accidental in history, where the presence of a man or the lack of a man has made the turning-point of a great movement. Mahomet, Charles Martel, Henry of Navarre, Frederick the Great, illustrate. After insisting on the point that "there has scarcely been a great revolution in the world which might not at some stage of its progress have been either averted, or materially modified, or at least greatly postponed, by wise statesmanship and timely compromise," he develops, in a way to set Americans thinking, the reasonableness of the plans of George Grenville for the taxation of the colonies, and adds:

"Such and so small was the original cause of difference between England and her colonies. Who can fail to see that it was a difference abundantly susceptible of compromise, and that a wise and moderate statesmanship might easily have averted the catastrophe?"

Professor Woodrow Wilson's latest volume far better sustains the reputation made for him by his "Congressional Government" than did his essay on "The State." "Division and Reunion" is the third and final volume in "Epochs of American History," the earlier volumes being by so well-known writers as Thwaites and Hart. This is an admirable series, and meets in a scholarly manner the call for a complete and compendious narrative of our history. Professor Wilson writes his contribution with vigor and in an engaging style, and succeeds in putting into a mere hand-book the life and color of more detailed treatment. The touch of an original investigator and of one familiar with research is constantly apparent. The maps, in color, of the status of slavery, 1775-1865; Texas and Oregon Boundaries; Territorial Controversies, 1840-1850; Slavery, 1855; Status July 4, 1861, are simply invaluable. The bibliography is very full, and the index is exhaustive. The sentence, on page 65, concerning the tariff of 1833, should read, "All duties which exceeded twenty per cent should be reduced by one-tenth of that excess on the 1st of January of each *alternate* succeeding year for *eight* years," etc. The writer has exceptional advantages for a large view of his field. A Southern man by birth and early association, we believe, but clearly a Northern man on the war issues by conviction, he sees both sides of the great controversy of which he speaks, and handles his period with tact and much unpartisan discernment. His appreciation of Andrew Jackson is very happy. In one felicitous sentence he sums up the whole ad-

ministration of John Quincy Adams: "His character, cold, unbending, uncompanionable, harsh, acted like an acid upon the party mixture of the day, precipitating all the elements hitherto held in solution." His characterization of Southern society before the Civil War is made by one to the manner born, and yet who has risen above it to the best of American opportunity. His whole treatment of the twenty-five years of more peaceful struggle which led up to the irreconcilable outbreak of 1861 is masterly; but the most original and most valuable portion of the book is the fourteen pages devoted to the methods and resources of the South in the Civil War. Nowhere have we seen the odds of the Southern cause so powerfully stated. Reconstruction is handled with cool discrimination, with possibly a shade too much generosity toward the Southern Legislatures of 1865. But no man can be absolutely neutral in his treatment of this whole period, and Professor Wilson has achieved a high impartiality. Yet we regret that we cannot commend his judgment as he takes a backward view from 1833. When we read in reference to the Hayne-Webster debate, that "the ground which Webster took, in short, was new ground; that which Hayne occupied old ground"; that "the doctrine that the States had individually become sovereign bodies when they emerged from their condition of subjection to Great Britain as colonies, and that they had not lost their individual sovereignty by entering the Union, was a doctrine accepted almost without question, even by the courts, for quite thirty years after the formation of the government"; that "even those public men who loved the Union most yielded theoretical assent to the opinion that a State might legally withdraw from the government at her own option, and had only practical and patriotic objections to urge"; when we read all this, we wonder in what Rip Van Winkle's land of delusion the writer was sojourning when he turned his backward ear to catch the utterances of the fathers.

Happily, Mr. Loring's book comes just now to refute all this. In his "Nullification and Secession," Mr. Loring, starting with the debate between Webster and Hayne, shows conclusively that "the Constitutional Convention intended Nationality"; that "the Virginia Resolutions do not in the least countenance the doctrine of secession and nullification"; that the Kentucky Resolutions, which did suggest nullification, "were forgotten from the time they were promulgated until South Carolina's

threat in 1830"; and that "the Constitution declares its perpetuity." Although this book was not written as an answer to Professor Wilson, being contemporary in issue, its forcible putting of the case for the historic and constitutional antecedents of Webster's famous arguments do not leave a peg to hang upon to those who claim that his doctrine was new.

Lake Forest University.

JOHN J. HALSEY.

VOODOO TALES OF SOUTHERN NEGROES.*

Miss Mary A. Owen, the only white woman ever initiated into the mysteries of Voodooism as practiced by the negroes of the South, has embodied her experiences and studies in a volume entitled, on this side of the Atlantic, "Voodoo Tales," it having previously appeared in London as "Old Rabbit the Voodoo." The new title is the better one, since the rabbit is not the principal hero of the tales. But Miss Owen must not be surprised if she gains the anathema of the book-mongers, who are particularly severe upon double titles.

Mr. Leland's introduction to this volume is not in the most happy style, and does not predispose the reader to set a greater value on the contents, notwithstanding the learning displayed. The writer's patronizing air is altogether insufferable. He evidently intends the reader to understand that without the sanction of some such high authority it would be doubtful if the volume should find its way to the public interest. In the English edition, explanatory footnotes elucidating the negro dialect further disfigure the book, but they are wisely omitted in the American edition.

The "Voodoo Tales" resemble in substance the remarkable collections of Harris — those "Uncle Remus" tales that have helped to solve some problems and proposed others. They are genuine folk-tales, only sufficiently literary in form to make them intelligible and readable. In this respect they are a great improvement over Harris's work. Here, however, a new element enters. We are not given pure Afro-American lore — that is, negro tradition engrafted upon the superstitions of the whites. There is a very large Indian influence upon the African sorcery, and the tales come from that border where French, Indian, White, Anglo-Saxon, and Spanish have intermarried and

commingled. A unique folk-lore is the result. Negro sorcery, always repulsive, is here balanced by weird Indian Shamanism; and these, mixed with Spanish superstition and Gallic tradition, present a curious hodge-podge of practices, relics of which are found further north, away from such mixed surroundings.

Considerable literary skill is manifested in the way in which these tales are told, although not so much as to mar the genuine appearance which such tales should bear. Appropriately, the narrators are all old women, who bring their tales to the pet child of the plantation. Each has a strain of Indian blood, but her individuality has been carefully preserved. "Aunt Mymee" is the child of a Guinea sorcerer, and is the most uncanny of crones, feared by the others, who are all firmly convinced of her great powers in necromancy and the black art. Miss Owen has given to each a slightly varying character of dialect, which makes these tales more valuable, only omitting in it the tales told by "Miss Boogary," which the Creole tongue would have rendered beyond our comprehension, and would have sorely taxed the writer's memory and power, so that we may pardon the omission of it.

The tales told by these old crones are unique. For the most part, they are animal tales, of the kind ever related in primitive communities, and in the dawn of literature and romance. We have here the strange performances of the red-headed woodpecker, who, as *Picus*, was portentous even in Roman days, and now as a cunning magician "makes birds" from feathers, and plays many "cute tricks," but is finally outwitted by "Ol' Gray Wolf." The owl, the quail, the hawk, and other birds fly into these tales, and the "perarer chicken" flutters into folk-lore for the first time; the blue-jay is a winged devil, and an emissary of Satan. The mammals are the principal characters in this beast-epic. The red fox, the skunk, the bear, and the "perarer wolf" are the principal ones, with "Brer Rabbit," who has lost but little of his cunning, which has made him renowned in folk-tales from many lands. Many curious things are told of the "hopper-grass" and other insects, and one celebrated one is the "Snake-doctor," or dragon-fly, which is known to boys in western Illinois as the "snake-feeder." Many strange tales are related of the snake tribe, doubtless inherited from African ancestors. The "hoop-snake" is, however, probably an indigenous creation, as is the curious lore about the rattlesnake.

* VOODOO TALES. By Mary A. Owen. With Introduction by Charles G. Leland. Illustrated. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The best story of the book is not an animal tale, however. It is one of those mysterious uncanny appearances, the "Jacky-me-lanterns" or "wullerwusps," more feared by the negroes than even the "painter," the animal most terrible to them. "De Jacky-me-lantuhsns, dey ain't des zackry debbils, dey's gostes in de clutch o' de debbil's ole woman. Dey drounds yo' sholy, but yo' spurrit, hit go free ter de place hit 'long unter." They are described as vampire ghouls, and the fate of the traveller who follows their illusive glimmer is a terrible one.

The literary value of these tales is not, perhaps, their greatest merit, although they appear in an agreeable garb. It is to the folklore student that they particularly appeal, and they serve to reassure us that our indigenous tales or modified importations of the lore of other lands deserve to be sought out and recorded, as Miss Owen has so ably done in this volume. The illustrations, although somewhat amateurish, are appropriate, the book neat and attractive, but marred by occasional sins against grammar and orthography,— minor defects, however, in a work so generally satisfactory. Miss Owen will, we hope, bring us greater store of this curious native lore.

FLETCHER S. BASSETT.

RECENT FICTION.*

Mr. Boyesen's new novel deals, as the title indicates, with "the outs and the ins" of that curious development of modern civilization known as "society." We are not sure that the subject is worth treating at all—under American conditions,—but Mr. Boyesen is better fitted than the majority of our writers to make the most of its slender possibilities,

**SOCIAL STRUGGLERS*: A Novel. By Hjalmar Bjorth Boyesen. New York : Charles Scribner's Sons.

THE WORLD OF CHANCE. By W. D. Howells. New York : Harper & Brothers.

VAL-MARIA. A Romance of the Time of Napoleon I. By Mrs. Lawrence Turnbull. Philadelphia : J. B. Lippincott Co.

TIME'S REVENGES. By David Christie Murray. New York : Harper & Brothers.

THE MARPLOT. By Sidney Royse Lysaght. New York : Macmillan & Co.

ISLAND NIGHTS' ENTERTAINMENTS. By Robert Louis Stevenson. New York : Charles Scribner's Sons.

STORIES OF A WESTERN TOWN. By Octave Thanet. New York : Charles Scribner's Sons.

SALLY DOWS, and Other Stories. By Bret Harte. Boston : Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

THE REAL THING, and Other Tales. By Henry James. New York : Macmillan & Co.

WITHOUT DOGMA : A Novel of Modern Poland. By Henryk Sienkiewicz. Translated from the Polish by Iza Young. Boston : Little, Brown, & Co.

and he never falls into the error of taking "society" too seriously. There doubtless are people who look upon recognition by Mrs. Van Horst and her kind as the sum of earthly felicity; Mr. Boyesen accepts their existence, and studies them, but with amusement rather than sympathy. The socially ambitious Mrs. Bulkley reminds us not a little of About's "La Mère de la Marquise," and the story of her social campaigns and conquests is as bright and attractive as any story so devoid of essential human interest can well be. Human interest is, however, supplied by the love-story running through the pages, and coming to the happiest of conclusions. But why should Mr. Boyesen cloud the joy of the ingenuous and sympathetic reader by such cynical epigrams about love and marriage as besprinkle his chapters? "But happily men (in their foolish age) marry the women who want to marry them, and exercise only an imaginary freedom of selection." "Every American girl is, in my opinion, a more pronounced character than, pre-matrimonially, you are apt to give her credit for." "But that is one of the disadvantages of being married, that you may have to substitute your wife's ambition for your own, and cultivate with a wry face tastes for which you have not the least liking." These observations confront us in the very first pages of Mr. Boyesen's book, and we must ask if it is fair to provide a love-story with such a preface. How can we close a book with the conviction that "they lived happily ever afterward" if we are to be haunted by such wicked philosophisings?

The last novel by Mr. Howells that we had occasion to review was one of the author's best; its successor is, we regret to say, one of his least admirable fictions. The thread upon which the story hangs is furnished by the experiences of a young journalist of literary aspirations come to "N' York" to seek his fortunes. His is not "merely and hopelessly a newspaper mind," in the author's delightful phrase, but a mind bent upon the distinction of the novelist. The wanderings of the hero's manuscript novel, "A Modern Romeo," are described by Mr. Howells in his best vein of humor. We may add that the novel finally finds both a publisher and a public. But the humorous vein, as applicable to this particular theme, is a thin one, and is soon worked out. As in the case of the flat-hunting hero of "A Hazard of New Fortunes," one is soon apt to exclaim "something too much of this," and ask for other characters and other incidents. These are supplied in the persons and doings of as queer a lot of people as even Mr. Howells has often collected within the covers of a single book. The old socialist Hughes, his married daughter, and her nondescript husband may be interesting types in Altruria, but they have little sane human interest. The other daughter and their cynical friend, who has made a failure of literature, have attractive aspects, but are too colorless to excite either than a languid sympathy. And the story, like one of those desert

streams that meander along until lost in the sand, ends nowhere in particular.

We are taken far away from the fashion of realism by Mrs. Turnbull's "Val-Maria,"—so far, indeed, and into an atmosphere so ethereal, that what are ordinarily taken as products of the idealizing imagination seem, in the comparison, gross and earthy. "Val-Maria" is a rhapsody, and the ineffable strains of the "Lohengrin" prelude would serve it as a fitting accompaniment. It is the soul-history of three persons—a child and its parents—living in the France of the Consulate and the Empire, upon whose lives the shadow of Napoleon's dominant personality is cast. To the father and mother, the Emperor's character appears for what it really is, the type of an egoism in itself unsurpassed and in its opportunities unparalleled. To the child, doomed from birth to an early death, and kept by loving care from all knowledge of evil, the figure of Napoleon becomes the object of absorbing and passionate worship. One thinks of the ideal image of Peer Gynt cherished by Solveig. To the child's mind in "Val-Maria," as to the maiden's in Ibsen's profound dramatic poem, the real man is displaced by the ideal man that he might have been. "Bearing the Master's purpose as a sign," developing to their fullest all the possibilities for good inherent in his nature, the figure of Napoleon takes shape in the child's mind, and, the child having become an artist, the ideal figure finds expression in a marble statue. "The perfect outlines of the face the world knows well had been preserved: the brow, noble with an intellect never surpassed, here showed a further grandeur, almost as of a divine prescience; the mouth, beautiful and sweet and stern, wore the added grace of love; all the noble and poetic possibilities of his nature had been sought out and carried to their loftiest height; everything that was ignoble had been purged away." The Emperor, standing in the presence of this sculptured representation of his idealized self, and by the death-bed of the youth whose whole life had gone into the work, may well have felt what Peer Gynt uttered—"Here was my empire!" This is all very remote from life as most of us see it, and remote also from historical fact. Indeed, the story is distinctly allegorical in its underlying purpose, but its art will be found both impressive and exquisite by the reader who yields himself to its influence. It is marked by restraint and a chastened style, being in both these respects an advance upon the author's earlier book. And its allegorical message is emphasized by the beautiful drawing made by Mr. Kenyon Cox for a frontispiece, in which we see the bust of Napoleon, discrowned of its laurel and cast down from its pedestal, mourned by a lovely floating figure whom we may take to typify his good angel taking sorrowful leave of a soul unworthy of her care.

"Time's Revenges" is a novel with a prologue. The reader supposes that he is getting well along in the story when he discovers, to his surprise and

dissatisfaction, that he has been reading an introduction, and that the real story is yet to come. Of course, the incidents of the prologue condition those of the story that follow, but one does not like to start over again when he fancies himself in the thick of the plot. Aside from this objectionable feature, Mr. Murray's book is an excellent example of straightforward and exciting narrative. It has no style worth speaking of, but it has abundant action and a carefully constructed plot. Characterization and incident are alike well managed, and the Australian framework of the narrative provides an element of comparative novelty.

"The Marplot" is a novel of incoherent structure and decidedly unconventional morality. That curious figment of the European imagination known as the "American duel" is employed as the main-spring of the action, but leads to a lame and impotent conclusion. There is both variety and penetration in the author's types of character, but we cannot say that they are fitted together with any degree of skill. Scenes as diverse as the coast of Ireland and the desert of the Soudan are pieced into the mosaic of the tale, and the unexpected happens more than once. The enterprises of the hero are often of great pith and moment, but the marplot, Love, turns their currents awry, and converts tragedy into melodrama, if not farce. The excellences of the book (and they are not few) must be sought in its episodes rather than in its movement as a whole.

Two of Mr. Stevenson's "Island Nights' Entertainments" are fantastic stories not unlike the Arabian tales suggested by the book's title. They have a finely imaginative quality only heightened by contrast with the matter-of-fact touches that are added to remind us of real modern conditions. The third and longest of the "Entertainments," named "The Beach of Falesá," deals with the magical only as it exists in the superstitious fancy of the islanders. It is the story of an English trader in one of the islands, of his native wife, and of his quarrel with a business rival. There is a very little sentiment in the narrative—although not exactly of the rhapsodical "Pierre Loti" sort—and much dramatic interest. It offers a curious study of native ways as affected by contact with European influences. The hero is a commonplace sort of person of a low type, and arouses little sympathy. He has doubtless been carefully studied from the class that he represents. But his adventures are of a highly exciting character, and quite justify his literary existence.

Octave Thanet keeps close to life in her six "Stories of a Western Town," and her characters speak so very artlessly that the reader often winces at the realism. But there is abundant constructive art in these seemingly artless tales, and many are the saving gleams of humor that light up their pages. "The Besetment of Kurt Lieders" and "Tommy and Thomas" are two of the best short stories of

recent years. One Harry Lossing, a carefully studied type of young Western America, frank, fearless, and prepossessing, figures in all six of the stories, and supplies them with a certain continuity of interest. Since the Western town began to figure in fiction, no other writer has studied it to so admirably artistic a purpose as has Miss French.

The Genius of Fiction attends the labors of Mr. Bret Harte as faithfully as ever. Whatever his theme, he still invests it with the charm of invention and the glamour of romance. The four stories that make up his latest volume are masterpieces of description, characterization, and construction, and their varied setting gives new testimony to the freshness and the fertility of their author's imagination. "Sally Dows" is the best of the four,—because it is the longest, if for no other reason. It offers a vivid picture of the reconstruction period in Georgia, and tells one of the most delightful of love-stories at the same time. "The Conspiracy of Mrs. Bunker" takes us to the Pacific Coast and the outbreak of the War. "The Transformation of Buckeye Camp" tells us how the equanimity of a mining town was upset by the advent of one small but determined woman, and of the wholly unexpected consequences of her appearance. What other American novelist has, like Mr. Harte, so unfailingly adorned whatever he has touched, or displayed an energy so unflagging in the creation of new types and the investment with new interests of familiar scenes?

Mr. James, at least, has not done this. Our enjoyment of his stories is rarely traceable to either of these causes, but must be accounted for almost entirely by the subtlety of his analysis and the polish of his style. In his new volume, "The Real Thing, and Other Tales," but one story of the five appeals to us at all as a story, and even that has but a tenuous thread of plot, and its leading incident is based upon the well-worn device of a secret drawer and the startling revelation of its contents. Four of the five stories play with the skirts and fringes of life as it appears to the artist—graphic, dramatic, or fictive,—and Mr. James knows well how to deal with the psychology of these forms of life, although his presentation of their external relations is nebulous. But it is late in the day to formulate the characteristics of his art; they appear in this volume as they have appeared in a dozen of its predecessors. Most readers who know his work at all will know what to expect from the examples now published; nor will they be disappointed in the expectation.

We have had repeated occasion to praise the magnificent historical novels of Old Poland that have come from the pen of Pan Henryk Sienkiewicz. "With Fire and Sword" and "The Deluge" have already come to us in the admirable translations of Mr. Jeremiah Curtin; and "Pan Michael," completing the trilogy, is announced for early publication. *En attendant*, we are given a translation of "Without Dogma," a very different sort of book, put into English by Miss Iza Young. The transla-

tion is not all that could be wished, either in style or in accuracy, but it will serve. A book of this sort requires of its translator not only knowledge of the language in which it is written, but also a wide knowledge of the concerns of modern culture in general; for it is at least semi-cosmopolitan in sentiment, and makes many allusions to matters that are not Polish at all. These matters seem to have been often imperfectly apprehended by the translator, and when they require the mention of proper names, we are given spellings that, good Polish as they may be, are certainly not good English. "Without Dogma" is so unlike the historical work of Sienkiewicz that we find it difficult to recognize in it the hand that drew for us the figures of Zagloba and Kmita, that depicted for us the stirring scenes in which they had their being. In the first place, it is a modern work; in the second place, it is as subjective as its predecessors were objective in method. We might also contrast its cosmopolitanism with the intense localism of its historical predecessors. It is true that the core of the work is Polish, but it is a core so enwrapped within the husks of European culture that the national type seems to take on a character of universality. The book is certainly a "human document," as the author himself would have us understand. It is written in the forbidding form of a diary, and the best tribute to its power is found in the fact that, even in this form, it holds the attention. It is a sort of "Journal Intime" that suggests Amiel more than once, and is probably no less sincere for being professedly a work of fiction. The writer of the diary is our old friend Hamlet in a nineteenth century *fin de siècle* environment. It is curious to note, by the way, with what avidity the modern Slav has seized upon the Hamlet type of character, and with what degree of sympathetic insight reproduced it. Hereafter, when we think of this, the name of Sienkiewicz will stand beside that of Tourguenieff. The story of "Without Dogma" is of the simplest. The hero, sensitive in temperament and weak in will, misses happiness when it lies within his reach, and thereby makes of his life one long sequence of despair. The woman whom he loves becomes, through his own fault, the wife of another, and repentance is of no avail. The soul-struggle of the years that follow, committed to the pages of the diary by an introspection as faithful and as unsparing of self as that of the "Confessions" of Rousseau, is the real theme of the book. Its real lesson is to be found in the contrast between the man's weakness and the woman's strength, between his complex doubt and her simple faith. How the latter triumphs over the former, how the example of her self-restraint reacts upon his wilful passion, slowly but surely subduing his nature from the alluring ideal of pleasure to the austere ideal of duty,—such is the story that Sienkiewicz has told for us, very nobly, in this masterpiece of psychological analysis.

WILLIAM MORTON PAYNE.

BRIEFS ON NEW BOOKS.

Some personal recollections of Nathaniel Hawthorne.

THE most intimate friend of that shy and seclusive man, Nathaniel Hawthorne, was Horatio Bridge. Hence his recent book, "Personal Recollections of Nathaniel Hawthorne" (Harper), is a highly interesting one. The two men were classmates throughout their college course, and correspondents always afterward; they exchanged presents and courtesies of many kinds, and Mr. Bridge was almost the only man under whose roof Hawthorne ever permitted himself to become a visitor. Mr. Bridge's faith in Hawthorne's gifts had more than anything else to do with determining and sustaining Hawthorne in the career of authorship, as we already knew through Hawthorne's touching dedication of "The Snow Image": "If anybody is responsible for my being at this day an author, it is yourself. I know not whence your faith came, but while we were lads together at a country college, gathering blueberries in study hours under those tall academic pines, or watching the great logs as they tumbled along the current of the Androscoggin, or shooting pigeons or gray squirrels in the woods, or bat-furling in the summer twilight, or catching trout, . . . two idle lads, doing a hundred things that the Faculty never heard of, or else it would have been the worse for us,—still it was your prognostic of your friend's destiny that he was to be a writer of fiction." Nor did this faith fail with the close of college associations. To the same friend was it due that "Twice-Told Tales" was given to the world, Mr. Bridge, without Hawthorne's knowledge, writing to the publisher and guaranteeing him against loss, after the manuscript, or portions of it, had been in his hands for seven years! In his preface to the "Recollections," Mr. Bridge excuses himself from any analysis or interpretation of Hawthorne's writing, because of his own lack of "literary ability and critical skill," but we can hardly believe his modest disclaimer in view of such signal manifestations of the most desirable qualification of a literary critic — the power to detect undeveloped genius while it is still undiscovered by others. The chronicle of the college days makes up a large part of the book, a fact not to be regretted, since it includes also pleasant glimpses of others of Bowdoin's famous class of '25, which included, besides Hawthorne, Henry W. Longfellow and Franklin Pierce.

A new life of Ernest Renan.

SIR Mountstuart E. Grant Duff's memorial sketch of Ernest Renan (Macmillan) is a somewhat disappointing, albeit an extremely readable, volume. The author knew Renan for more than thirty years, having much personal intercourse and correspondence with him. As a resident for many years in the East, moreover, the author was peculiarly fitted to appreciate the great work of Renan's life, his history of Israel and of the early Christian Church. Our disappointment in the book arises from the inconsiderable extent to which the author has drawn

upon his own recollections. Instead of reminiscences of personal intercourse with his friend, he gives us a sketch of Renan's life embracing little that is not already familiar, and summaries, with extracts, of Renan's principal works. The extracts are printed in the original, and fill something like a fourth of the whole number of pages. Typographically, the French is surprisingly accurate, although we have noticed two or three misprints. The summaries are useful for reference, and also for the discriminating judgment displayed by their writer in emphasizing the vital features of Renan's work. The author's main thesis is that Renan's religious criticism was "constructive in the highest degree," a fact which needs no proof for those who really know their Renan, but which is not fully realized by the intelligent public in general. As for the man, this is what we are told: "Everyone who knows anything about him at all, knows that his conduct from birth to death was simply that of a saint — a saint whose opinions may have been as detestable as possible, but who, even if judged by the teachings of the Galilean Lake, was still a saint." Again: "In losing its hold over him the Catholic Church lost its hold over one of the most innately religious minds of our times. His was *Anima naturaliter Christiana*, if such there ever was." And this remark leads to the weighty question with which the book ends: "What possible chance is there that any of the great religious organizations should preserve their hold over persons not so deeply religious by nature, unless they adopt some such policy as that which I have suggested, and invent some way whereby man may be allowed to see facts as they are, if he will only live and worship as they desire?" This story of a noble life, and this account of the work of a scholar who was, in Mommsen's phrase, "a true *savant* in spite of his beautiful style," will be read with pleasure by all to whom the memory of Renan is dear, and with profit by all who are seeking, amid the wreck of faiths, some basis of principle satisfying alike to the intellect and to the religious emotions.

The objective study of English literature.

PROFESSOR L. A. Sherman of the University of Nebraska has just published a book of the highest value to students and teachers of English literature. It bears the title, "Analytics of Literature" (Ginn), and is further described as "a manual for the objective study of English prose and poetry." It is the outcome of several years of class work, and has, the writer claims, satisfactorily met the test of application to his own students. He says: "Students not only learned much more of the subject proper than I had ever expected or required in former years, but in a few weeks radically altered their own styles. Those accustomed to write in a lumbering awkward fashion began to express themselves in strong, clear phrases, and with a large preponderance of simple sentences. . . . Students apparently without taste for reading, or capacity to discern common

literary excellences, were enabled to appreciate and enjoy poetry as well as the best. . . . In general, the method, if tried intelligently and fairly, will discover to those who suppose they have no taste for the best literature that they have such taste; and it will make those who have never found anything in poetry both feel and know something of its power." These are strong statements, and teachers of English literature will doubtless be justified in withholding acceptance until they have put them to the test of their own experience. The best of methods becomes worthless in hands that are incapable of using it, and the personality of the teacher is of more importance than any system. We have no reason to doubt the truth of Mr. Sherman's reports from his own class-room, yet we suspect that even in his case the man counts for more than the method. But the book in which he has outlined his system is of extraordinary interest and suggestiveness. We have examined it with much care, and, while we disagree with the author on a great number of minor points, we must cordially praise the spirit and the compact thought of the work. It seems to us that the book over-emphasizes the importance of tabulations and mathematical modes of treatment, and we cannot but regard with some suspicion a method that results in the extravagant praise accorded to Robert Browning's poetry. The latter defect, however, is clearly a matter of personal equation, and the method is not fairly chargeable with it. What we above all else wish to say is that no teacher of English literature can fail to find help in some parts of this book, however he may dissent from the author's conclusions upon many of the subjects discussed. Mr. Sherman has given us an honest piece of workmanship; he never writes for rhetorical effect; and he illustrates his propositions so admirably that the reader is rarely left in doubt of his exact meaning.

Some perverse literary criticisms.

A FEW articles upon literary subjects, originally written for certain English periodicals, have been collected into a volume by Mr. William Watson and named "Excursions in Criticism" (Macmillan). They reveal the fact that Mr. Watson has a pretty prose style, and the other fact that he has little to say that is worth saying. The first paper, "Some Literary Idolatries," is an attack upon those writers who appreciate the beauties of Elizabethan drama, and chiefly illustrates the narrowness of Mr. Watson's own judgment. What can we say to a man who describes Webster's tragedies as "these gross melodramatic horrors, irredeemable by any touch of saving imagination"? "The Punishment of Genius" is a screed upon the publication of memoirs, remains, and literary fragments, and contains a most ungenerous attack upon Mr. Buxton Forman for the painstaking fidelity of his edition of Keats. That labor of love finds no favor in the eyes of Mr. Watson, who calls the editor a "ghoul" because he has reprinted some things that his critic would

have suppressed. Mr. Hardy's "Tess," according to this writer, is "a tragic masterpiece which is not flawless, any more than 'Lear' or 'Macbeth' is." We should say not! Herr Ibsen is thus disposed of: "No; this narrow intensity of vision, this preoccupation with a part of existence, is never the note of the masters; they deal with life; he deals only with death-in-life. They treat of society, he treats only of the rottenness of society." This estimate embodies one of the half-truths that are more misleading than flat error itself. The dialogue with "Dr. Johnson on Modern Poetry" is clever, although it again illustrates Mr. Watson's narrowness of view, for it is mainly concerned with Johnson's supposititious opinions concerning Rossetti's poetry; opinions which, we may easily infer, are the writer's own, and which do little credit to his insight or his discrimination. In short, many of Mr. Watson's criticisms are distinctly wrongheaded, and the vice of special pleading characterizes his method. He would have done well to leave the greater part of this volume to the tender mercies of oblivion.

New edition of Borrow's puzzling "Lavengro."

AN edition of Borrow's "Lavengro," with some introductory notes by Mr. Theodore Watts, has been added to the "Minerva Library of Famous Books" (Ward), a collection that already contained "The Bible in Spain." Borrow has always been something of a puzzle to the critics, who have found no niche exactly fitted for him in their schemes of classification. "A splendid literary amateur" Mr. Watts calls him, and the phrase is happily descriptive. Mr. Watts is peculiarly qualified to introduce Borrow to a new circle of readers, for he was a close actual acquaintance as well as a Borrowian born. His notes consist partly of reminiscence, partly of critical comment. He discusses the autobiographical character of "Lavengro," and gives us a very distinct idea of the extent to which its author mingled fancy with fact. The discussion is thus ended: "This is not the place for me to enter more fully into this matter, but I am looking forward to a fitting occasion of showing whether or not 'Lavengro' and 'The Romany Rye' form a spiritual autobiography; and if they do, whether that autobiography does or does not surpass every other for absolute truth of spiritual representation." We trust that Mr. Watts will not long leave this tantalizing promise unfilled. His estimate of Borrow's literary value may be guessed at from such a passage as this: "The more the features of our 'Beautiful England,' to use his own phrase, are changed by the multitudinous effects of the railway system, the more attraction will readers find in books which depict her before her beauty was marred—books which depict her in those antediluvian days when there was such a thing as space in the island . . . when the great high roads were alive, not merely with the bustle of business, but with real adventure for the traveller—days and scenes which Borrow better than anyone else could paint."

A well-edited collection of Cowper's letters.

THE "Best Letters of William Cowper" are appropriately included in the "Laurel-Crowned Letters" series (McClurg & Co.). While the poet did not intend his letters for publication (indeed, he begged the recipients to burn them), they are carefully and even elegantly written, and their autobiographical value is unquestionable. Cowper was a recluse, and it is to him alone that we must look for the essentials, the spiritual side, of his life-story. Fortunately, he was perfectly frank about himself in his correspondence. As the editor of the present volume, Mrs. Anna B. McMahan, observes in her pithy and sensible Introduction, "When we read the letters, we lose sight of the conventional Cowper,—a poor creature, composite of fanatic, madman, and recluse, melancholy from his birth, and, throughout his life, feeble of purpose, capricious, and obstinate,—but we gain instead a figure much more consistent with the sweetness and vitality of Cowper's poetry." The editing of the volume is thorough and exact.

Second series of Mr. Winter's essays on the Stage.

THE pretty set of William Winter's books issued by Messrs. Macmillan & Co. reaches its sixth number in a volume of "Shadows of the Stage, Second Series." Like its predecessor, it is composed of essays from the New York "Tribune" and other periodicals, and is a record of dramatic achievement on the American stage within the present generation. Mr. Winter's high rank as a dramatic critic is too well recognized to require fresh praise, and it is sufficient to say that he amply sustains it in the twenty-eight chapters of this volume. Prominent among the early actors here discussed are Mary Duff, the elder Booth, Hackett, Forrest, John Gilbert, and Charlotte Cushman; among the later or still living names are Ada Rehan, Clara Morris, the two Barretts, Adelaide Neilson, Henry Irving, Ellen Terry, Coquelin, Ristori, Sarah Bernhardt, and Helena Modjeska.

BRIEFER MENTION.

A REAL addition to the literature on California comes to us in the shape of a little pamphlet entitled "To California and Back," which is none the worse for being issued avowedly in the interests of one of the great overland routes—the Santa Fé. The information about California is just that which one going there most needs in advance, and one who has been there most enjoys in the retrospect. The writing, by Mr. C. A. Higgins, has been done with modesty and good sense, and his account is at once spirited, intelligent, and comprehensive. The illustrations, from original sketches by Mr. J. T. McCutcheon, are profuse and meritorious. The work may be had by addressing the Passenger Department of the Santa Fé Route, Chicago.

A VOLUME of "Whist Nuggets" (Putnam), published in the series of "Knickerbocker Nuggets," and edited by Mr. William G. McGucken, presents an admirable selection of the best things, new and old, in the

literature of the noble game. Mrs. Battle is there, of course, as well as "The Duffer's Whist Maxims," Pole's rhyming rules, and copious extracts from "Pembroke" on "Bumble-puppy." Less generally accessible, and consequently more useful, are A. Hayward's essay on "Whist and Whist-Players," a "Quarterly Review" article of 1871 on "Modern Whist," and a number of other pertinent extracts from the magazines. Every whist-player will thank Mr. McGucken for this selection.

A NEW edition, in a single volume continuously pagued, of Mr. Arthur John Butler's translation of "The Memoirs of Baron de Marbot" (Longmans), places that important historical work within reach of a far wider circle of readers than could hope to acquire the original two-volume form of the book. The volume is compact and well printed, as well as neatly bound.

In his "Warriors of the Crescent" (Appleton), Mr. W. H. Davenport Adams has written in popular style a series of chapters upon the Sultans of Ghazni and the Great Moguls. Timur, Aurangzib, and Akbar the Great are among the famous conquerors and potentates described. It is interesting to read the story of Akbar in the light of Lord Tennyson's beautiful posthumous poem which has doubtless served many as a first introduction to that eminent Oriental.

LITERARY NOTES AND NEWS.

The literary executors of Victor Hugo will publish, this month, a volume of poems written by him between 1852 and 1854, and hitherto unknown.

Denmark is the seventh (and latest) country to comply with the requirements of the American copyright law necessary to secure mutual copyright.

London is to have a series of twelve performances of the later plays of Herr Ibsen, a hundred subscribers having guaranteed the necessary expenses.

Mr. Ohashi, a Japanese publisher now visiting the United States, issues from his office seven periodicals, one of which has a monthly circulation of 80,000. His firm is said to issue 20,000,000 copies of books and magazines yearly.

Messrs. W. L. Way & Co., of Chicago, have just published a pretty souvenir edition of Miss Harriet Monroe's "Columbian Ode," for sale at the grounds of the Fair. It has designs by Mr. W. H. Bradley and is printed by the De Vinne Press.

The well-known portraits of Lord Tennyson and his friends, by Mr. and Mrs. Cameron, will be published in book form by Mr. Fisher Unwin. There will be twenty-five in photogravure, and they are sure to form a particularly handsome and desirable volume.

In the famous Zwickau Library in Saxony, so rich in manuscripts of the Reformation era, some new finds have been made. The most interesting of these is a complete list of the writings of the Nuremberg poet and shoemaker, Hans Sachs, written by his own hands.

The following telegram, recently sent to the French Minister of Education by M. Homolle, of the French School at Athens, is of exciting interest: "Découvert Delphes trésor des Athéniens avec décoration sculptale; plus de cent inscriptions. Prière informer Académie."

"The Religion of Science Library" (Open Court Publishing Co.) will include, in paper covers, the writ-

ings of Dr. Paul Carus and others. Six numbers will be issued yearly, and orders for the first year, if received before June 15, will be filled at the reduced price of one dollar.

"Appletons' Guide to Alaska and the Northwest Coast," which Miss E. R. Scidmore has written, will be a complete handbook for all the coast country between Puget Sound and the Arctic Ocean. It will be fully illustrated, and contain many maps, several of which have been made specially for this book by explorers of these remote regions.

We learn that a proposal is made to celebrate the three hundredth anniversary of Izaak Walton's birth, August 9, 1893. The precise form of celebration has not yet been decided upon, but the most feasible proposal, all things considered, is to hold a festival at Stafford (Walton's birthplace), to be attended by well-known sportsmen and representatives of the many angling clubs throughout the country.

The London "Literary World" relates the following anecdote: A youth called upon Mr. Oscar Wilde to ask what he thought of George Meredith. Mr. Wilde, as is not unfrequently his wont, delayed in replying till his visitor arose to leave, when he said, "I think Meredith a sort of prose Browning," and he added, with a sweet resignation, as his visitor was going out of the door, "Browning was a prose Browning."

Miss Larcom intended to write a sequel to her "New England Girlhood," giving such facts and experiences as would interest those who read her book. She gave much thought to it, but never wrote it. We learn from Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. that the book will be written by a near relative of Miss Larcom, who is peculiarly qualified for the task, and who will be aided by friends to whom Miss Larcom talked very fully concerning the proposed book.

Professors Hale, Shorey, and Buck of the University of Chicago are the editorial committee in charge of the "Studies in Classical Philology" to be issued by that institution. As an earnest of what is to come, they have just put forth a "preprint" from the first volume, consisting of a paper on "Vitruvius and the Greek Stage," by Mr. Edward Capps. The form of the publication is dignified, although one or two mechanical improvements might be suggested.

Mr. Walter Besant, the Delegate of the Society of Authors to the Chicago Congress of July 10, will leave England in the *Etruria* on June 10. Mr. Besant has arranged to pay a visit to several of the New England cities, including New Haven, Providence, Plymouth, Salem, Concord, and Portsmouth, and proceed thence to Niagara before he goes to Chicago. Mr. Besant will read a paper on "The Work of the Society of Authors" and will be the bearer of numerous papers by other leading members of the Society.

The recent anniversary (April 15) of the publication of Dr. Johnson's "Dictionary," recalls to a contemporary the fact that when Andrew Millar, the publisher of that long-delayed work, received the last proof sheet from Dr. Johnson, he wrote him this brusque note: "Andrew Millar sends his compliments to Mr. Samuel Johnson, with the money for the last sheet of the copy of the 'Dictionary,' and thanks God he has done with him." To which the doctor replied: "Samuel Johnson returns his compliments to Mr. Andrew Millar, and is very glad to find, as he does by this note, that Andrew Millar has the grace to thank God for anything."

TOPICS IN LEADING PERIODICALS.

June, 1893 (First List).

- America's Flower: The Maize. *Arena*.
- American Army Life. Illus. A. H. Sydenham. *Andover*.
- American Gregariousness. H. C. Merwin. *Atlantic*.
- American History, Some Recent. J. J. Halsey. *Dial*.
- Amateur Rowing. Illus. J. F. Huneker. *Lippincott*.
- Arseau vs. Cholera. R. B. Leach. *Arena*.
- Bay of Fundy Tides. F. H. Eaton. *Popular Science*.
- Birds, Common. Illus. E. E. Thompson. *Scribner*.
- Boston Tea Party. Illus. F. E. Abbot. *New Eng. Mag.*
- Children's Questions. *Popular Science*.
- China, Our Treaties with. F. J. Masters. *Californian*.
- College Athletics. Walter Camp. *Century*.
- Cow-Boy Land. Illus. Theo. Roosevelt. *Century*.
- Death in Battle. G. L. Kilmer. *Popular Science*.
- Dress, Freedom in. Frances E. Russell. *Arena*.
- Early Morning. Olive T. Miller. *Atlantic*.
- East Central African Customs. *Popular Science*.
- Education in the Northwest. D. L. Kiehle. *Atlantic*.
- Empress of Austria, The. Illus. *Harper*.
- Enni. Agnes Repplier. *Atlantic*.
- Fiction, Some Recent. W. M. Payne. *Dial*.
- Florida Coast Cruise. A. Illus. Wm. Henn. *Century*.
- Franz, Robert. Illus. H. T. Finch. *Century*.
- Free Silver. A. C. Fisk. *Arena*.
- Geikie, Sir Archibald. *Popular Science*.
- Grand Canyon of the Colorado. C. F. Lummis. *Californian*.
- Grand Caffon's Dynamical Geology. R. H. Drayton. *Calif'n*.
- Hayes Administration, The. J. D. Cox. *Atlantic*.
- Insanity and Genius. A. McDonald. *Arena*.
- Irrigation. Illus. C. H. Shinn. *Popular Science*.
- Islam, Past and Present. F. W. Sanders. *Arena*.
- Japan, An Artist in. Illus. Robert Blum. *Scribner*.
- Juno of Argos, The. Illus. Chas. Waldstein. *Century*.
- Kruden, Madame de, Life and Letters of. *Dial*.
- Lengthening Life. N. E. Yorke-Davis. *Popular Science*.
- Liberal Churches and Scepticism. M. D. Shutter. *Arena*.
- Libraries, Local, Future of. Justin Winsor. *Atlantic*.
- Lick Observatory. Illus. J. G. Bliss. *Californian*.
- Logging Camp Life. Illus. A. Hill. *Scribner*.
- Miracles of the Fakirs. E. P. Evans. *Popular Science*.
- Music at the World's Fair. *Dial*.
- "Natural Selection." Herbert Spencer. *Popular Science*.
- New France under British Rule. Illus. H. L. Nelson. *Harper*.
- New York's Evolution. Illus. T. A. Janvier. *Harper*.
- Norway and Political Liberty. J. E. Olson. *New Eng. Mag.*
- Pacific Coast Life-Savers. Illus. G. Matthews. *Californian*.
- Pantheon, New Facts Concerning the. R. Lanciani. *Atlantic*.
- Platypus, Haunts of the. Illus. S. Dickinson. *Scribner*.
- Pomo Basket Makers. Illus. J. W. Hudson. *Andover*.
- Prince Imperial, Death of the. A. Forbes. *Century*.
- Public Health, The. T. M. Prudden. *Century*.
- Pygmyes of Africa. J. D. Caton. *Atlantic*.
- Rossetti, Christina. Edmund Gosse. *Century*.
- Schliemann, Reminiscences of. J. I. Manatt. *Atlantic*.
- Seeds, Adaptation of. J. W. Folsom. *Popular Science*.
- Shah, Land of the. Illus. Theo Copeland. *Californian*.
- Shinnecock Hills, An Artist in the. Illus. J. G. Speed. *Harper*.
- Spanish Authors. Illus. A. B. Simonds. *Californian*.
- Tobacco in Ceremony. John Hawkins. *Popular Science*.
- Tolstoi and the Famine. Illus. J. Stadling. *Century*.
- Trout Fishing in New Eng. Illus. C. F. Danforth. *N. E. Mag.*
- Union for Practical Progress. B. O. Flower. *Arena*.
- Vierge. Illus. A. F. Jaccaci. *Century*.
- Vivisection and Brain-Surgery. Illus. W. W. Keen. *Harper*.
- Voodoo Folklore. F. S. Bassett. *Dial*.
- Whittier, Charlotte F. Grimké. *New England Magazine*.
- Witchcraft, Revival of. Ernest Hart. *Popular Science*.
- Womanhood in the Iliad. W. C. Lawton. *Atlantic*.
- Women Wage-Earners. Helen Campbell. *Arena*.
- Writing. Illus. F. A. Burr. *Lippincott*.
- Wyoming. Julian Ralph. *Harper*.
- Yachting in So. California. Illus. W. Mayhew. *Calif'n*.
- Yuruk, The. Illus. A. T. M. d'Andria. *Popular Science*.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

[The following list, embracing 65 titles, includes all books received by THE DIAL since last issue.]

HISTORY.

A Short History of the English People. By J. R. Green, M.A. New illustrated edition, edited by Mrs. J. R. Green and Miss Kate Norgate. Vol. II., with colored plates and many illustrations, large 8vo, pp. 931, gilt top. Harper & Brothers. \$5.00.

Outline of Roman History. By H. F. Pelham, M.A. Illus., with maps, 12mo, pp. 399. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.75.

Story of the Discovery of the New World. By Frederick Saunders. Columbian Souvenir Edition, illus., 12mo, pp. 145. Thomas Whittaker. Paper, 50 cts.

BIOGRAPHY AND MEMOIRS.

A. Bronson Alcott : His Life and Philosophy. By F. B. Sanborn and William T. Harris. In two vols., with portraits, 12mo, gilt tops. Roberts Bros. \$3.50.

Mary, Queen of Scots, and her Latest English Historian : A Narrative of the Principle Events in the Life of Mary Stuart. By James F. Meline. 12mo, pp. 345. Robert Clarke & Co. \$1.50.

Women of the Valois Court. By Imbert de Saint-Amand; trans. by Elizabeth G. Martin. Illus., 12mo, pp. 356. Chas. Scribner's Sons. \$1.25.

Andrew Preston Peabody : A Memorial Sermon. By the Rev. James de Normandie. 16mo, pp. 22. Boston: Danrell & Upham. 10 cts.

LITERATURE AND LANGUAGE.

Outlines of English Literature. By William Renton, author of "The Logic of Style." Illus., 12mo, pp. 248. Chas. Scribner's Sons. \$1.00.

The Drama : Addresses by Henry Irving. With frontispiece, 16mo, gilt top, pp. 200. Tait, Sons & Co. \$1.25.

What is Poetry ? An Answer to the Question, including Remarks on Verification. By Leigh Hunt. Edited by Albert S. Cook. 12mo, pp. 90. Ginn & Co. 60 cts.

Tennyson's Life and Poetry, and Mistakes concerning Tennyson. By Eugene Parsons. 8vo, pp. 32. Published by Author. Paper, 25 cts.

The Language of the Rushworth Gloss to the Gospel of Matthew and the Merian Dialect. By Edward Miles Brown, Ph.D. Part II., 8vo, pp. 93. Göttingen: Universitas Buchdruckerei.

FICTION.

The Story of a Story, and Other Stories. By Brander Matthews. Illus., 16mo, pp. 234. Harper & Bros. \$1.25.

Old Kaskaskia. By Mary Hartwell Catherwood, author of "The Lady of Fort St. John." 16mo, pp. 200. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.25.

Mr. Tommy Dove, and Other Stories. By Margaret Deland, author of "John Ward, Preacher." 16mo, pp. 280. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.00.

The Tragedy of Wild River Valley. By Martha Finley, author of "The Elsie Books." 16mo, pp. 231. Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.25.

The Last Sentence. By Maxwell Gray, author of "The Silence of Dean Maitland." Illus., 12mo, pp. 346. Tait, Sons & Co. \$1.50.

Dearest. By Mrs. Forrester, author of "Diana Carew." 12mo, pp. 376. Tait, Sons & Co. \$1.25.

Orioles' Daughter. By Jessie Fothergill, author of "The First Violin." 12mo, pp. 321. Tait, Sons & Co. \$1.25.

Two of Them. By J. M. Barrie, author of "The Little Minister." Illus., 16mo, pp. 282. Lovell, Coryell & Co. \$1.25.

Broadoaks. By M. G. McClelland, author of "White Heron." Illus., 12mo, pp. 268. Price, McGill Co. \$1.00.

A Washington Symphony. By Mrs. William Lamont Wheeler, author of "Stray Leaves from Newport." 16mo, pp. 194. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.00.

A Literary Courtship, under the Auspices of Pike's Peak. By Anna Fuller, 16mo, pp. 184. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.00.

The Shadow of Desire. By Irene Osgood. 16mo, pp. 232. New York: The Cleveland Publishing Co. \$1.25.

The Rivals. By François Coppée. Illus., 24mo, pp. 99. Harper's "Black and White Series." 50 cts.

The Unexpected Guests : A Farce. By W. D. Howells. Illus., 24mo, pp. 54. Harper's "Black and White Series." 50 cts.

Stories of New York. Illus., 32mo, uncut, pp. 214. "Stories from Scribner." Chas. Scribner's Sons. 50 cts.

Stories of the Railway. Illus., 32mo, uncut, pp. 195. "Stories from Scribner." Chas. Scribner's Sons. 50 cts.

NEW EDITIONS OF STANDARD FICTION.

Jane Eyre. By Charlotte Brontë. New edition, in 2 vols., illus., 16mo, gilt tops, rough edges. Macmillan & Co. \$2.00.

The Bride of Lammermoor. By Sir Walter Scott, Bart. Dryburgh Edition, illus., 12mo, uncut, pp. 327. Macmillan & Co. \$1.25.

NEW VOLUMES IN THE PAPER LIBRARIES.

Morrill, Higgins' Idylwild Series : A Crown of Shame, by Oscar F. G. Day. 16mo, pp. 309. 50 cts.

Tait's Holyrood Series : Kitty's Father, by Frank Barret. 16mo, pp. 335. 50 cts.

Lovell, Coryell & Co.'s Delmore Series : The Penance of Portia Jamesa, by Tasmania ; The Wrong That Was Done, by F. W. Robinson. Each, 16mo, 50 cts.

Bonner's Choice Series : The Honor of a Heart, trans. from the German by Mary J. Safford. Illus., 16mo, pp. 265. 50 cts.

Feeley's Library of Choice Fiction : Are Men Gay Deceivers ? by Mrs. Frank Leslie. 16mo, pp. 304. 50 cts.

Tuck's Breezy Library : Merely Mary Ann, by I. Zangwill. Illus., 16mo, pp. 118. 50 cts.

Rand, McNally's Globe Library : Taken from the Enemy, by Henry Newbolt. 16mo, pp. 240. 25 cts.

Tait's Shandon Series : The Highland Nurse, by the Duke of Argyll ; **A Deplorable Affair,** by W. E. Norris ; **The Fate of Sister Jessica,** by F. W. Robinson. Each, 25 cts.

JUVENILE.

Raftmates : A Story of the Great River. By Kirk Munroe, author of "Campmates." Illus., 12mo, pp. 341. Harper & Bros. \$1.25.

Adventures in Thule : Three Stories for Boys. By William Black. New and revised edition, 16mo, pp. 232. Harper & Bros. 80 cts.

TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTION.

Where Three Empires Meet : A Narrative of Recent Travel in Kashmir, Western Tibet, Gilgit, and the Adjoining Countries. By E. F. Knight, author of "The Cruise of the Falcon." Illus., 8vo, uncut, pp. 495. Longmans, Green & Co. \$5.00.

Eastward to the Land of the Morning. By M. M. Shoemaker. Illus., 12mo, pp. 241. Robt. Clarke & Co. \$1.25.

PHILOSOPHY AND RELIGION.

Theosophy ; or, Psychological Religion : The Gifford Lectures for 1892. By F. Max Müller, K.M. 12mo, pp. 536. Longmans, Green & Co. \$3.00.

The Gospel and its Earliest Interpretations : A Study of the Teaching of Jesus, and its Doctrinal Transformations in the New Testament. By Orelle Cone, D.D. 12mo, gilt top, pp. 415. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.75.

Just Beyond the Threshold : A Sequel to "The Tomorrow of Death." By Louis Figuer; trans. by Abby L. Alger. 16mo, pp. 321. Roberts Bros. \$1.25.

BOOKS FOR SCHOOL AND COLLEGE.

The Aeneid of Virgil : Books I.—VI. Translated into English Verse by James Rhoades. 16mo, uncut, pp. 210. Longmans, Green & Co. \$1.75.

Latin Lessons : Designed to Prepare for the Intelligent Reading of Classical Latin Prose. By Henry Preble and Lawrence C. Hull. 12mo, pp. 417. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.20.

Nanon. Far George Sand. With Introduction and Notes by B. D. Woodward, Ph.D. 16mo, pp. 431. Wm. R. Jenkins' "Romans Choisis." 60 cts.

- Prés du Bonheur. Par Henri Ardé. With English Notes by Prof. Rigal, B.S. 24mo, pp. 117. Wm. R. Jenkins' "Contes Choisis." 25 cts.
- Le Curé de Tours. Par Honoré de Balzac. Edited with notes by C. R. Carter. 16mo, pp. 95. Heath's "Modern Language Series." 25 cts.
- The Comedy of the Merchant of Venice. By William Shakespeare. 16mo, pp. 103. American Book Co.'s "Classics for Schools." 20 cts.
- Pieces to Speak. By Emma Lee Benedict. 16mo, pp. 113. Lee & Shepard. 50 cts.

SCIENCE.

- Vertebrate Embryology : A Text-Book for Students and Practitioners. By A. Milner Marshall, M.A. Illus., 8vo, pp. 640. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$6.00.
- Vagaries of Sanitary Science. By F. L. Dibble, M.D. 8vo, pp. 462. J. B. Lippincott Co. \$2.00.

ECONOMICS AND FINANCE.

- An Introduction to English Economic History and Theory. By W. J. Ashley, M.A. Part II., The End of the Middle Ages. 12mo, uncut, pp. 501. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$3.00.
- Philosophy and Political Economy in Some of their Historical Relations. By James Bonar, M.A., author of "Malthus and his Work." 8vo, uncut, pp. 410. Macmillan & Co. \$2.75.
- The Economics of the Russian Village. By Isaac A. Hopperich, Ph.D. 8vo, pp. 182. Columbia College Studies. Paper. \$1.00.
- A Brief History of Panics, and their Periodical Occurrence in the U. S. By Clement Juglar. Englished and edited by DeCourcy W. Thom. 12mo, pp. 150. Putnam's "Questions of the Day." \$1.00.
- Bankruptcy : A Study in Comparative Legislation. By S. Whitney Dunscob, Ph.D. 8vo, pp. 163. Columbia College Studies. Paper, 75 cts.

MISCELLANEOUS.

- The Century Magazine. Vol. XLV., Nov., 1892, to April, 1893. Illus., large 8vo, gilt top, pp. 960. The Century Co. \$3.00.
- Mental Life and Culture : Essays and Sketches, Educational and Literary. By Julian Duhring, author of "Amor in Society." 12mo, pp. 236. J. B. Lippincott Co. \$1.25.
- Sunday and the Columbian Fair : A Sermon by the Rev. James de Normandie. 16mo, pp. 14. Boston : Damrell & Upham.

AMERICANA. A History of the Indian Wars with the First Settlers of the United States to the commencement of the Late War; together with an Appendix containing interesting Accounts of the Battles fought by General Andrew Jackson. With two Plates. Rochester, N. Y., 1828.

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